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tricity has gone with the departed Queen, and you can only feel in your heart of hearts—Wonderfully great Ristori! Queen of art and hearts! The subtle expounder of the human passions in their varied phases, and of all that is noble and grand in our nature! F. G. W.

ART MATTERS.

A collection of statuary by Mozier is now on exhibition at the Studio Buildings, which from its general excellence is well worthy of attention. The principal and most important group in the collection is that of the "Return of the Prodigal Son," a grandly conceived and finely executed piece of statuary. The time of action taken by the sculptor is that when the father, seeing his son a long way off, runs and falls upon his neck and kisses him, while the prodigal, leaning on his father's bosom and gazing into his face with penitential air, exclaims: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." The expression in face and figure of the two is finely rendered. The repentant air and confiding trustfulness of the son as he throws himself upon his father's bosom, who looking down upon him with a kind and benignant countenance, forgives the wayward wanderer of his sins, is well given, and inspire the beholder with a feeling of true reverence. Mr. Mozier is particularly successful in his treatment and management of drapery, and this is well exemplified in the "Prodigal Son," the grand sweep of the robe on the father, falling as it does in large and truthfully drawn folds, is admirably rendered, while the corrugated drapery on the figure of the son is equally excellent. Mr. Mozier fails principally in his hair, which is too heavy and solid. This same fault runs through all his statues.

"Il Penseroso" is a purely classical figure, and fully conveys the idea it is intended to illustrate.

"With even step and rousing gait,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble—"

The right hand and arm are beautifully modelled, while the face is filled with an expression of thoughtful meditation.

"Jephthah's Daughter" is the gem of the collection. Every one remembers the old Bible story of Jephthah's rash vow in the hour of victory. Mr. Mozier has taken for his statue the moment when the daughter of Jephthah has met her father and learned the sad fate that awaits her. The air of mournful yet heroic resignation on the face of the figure is excellent, while the downcast action of the unfortunate maiden tells the story admirably. Here again we have some more finely and gracefully modelled drapery.

"Undine Rising from the Well" is not so successful as some of the other statues, but still possesses many good points.

"The Peri" is a finely modelled figure, full of expression and well conceived. The Peri, however, is encumbered with a superfluity of tears, Moore having allowed her but one of those "starry bowls," instead of three.

"Pocahontas" and "The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish," are the poorest statues of the collection, being trivial in conception and bad in drawing, utterly unworthy of Mr. Mozier's talent. Taken altogether, the collection may be pro-

nounced a decided success, and possessed of many really fine and excellent points.

Mr. Avery opened his cosy little gallery to the public on Tuesday of last week, and as usual the walls are covered with many good pictures, prominent among which is Geo. Boughton's "Wayside Devotion," a picture which created great excitement at the last exhibition of the English Royal Academy, giving, as it did, the sturdy Britishers some idea of what American artists are capable of doing. The picture represents a poor Britany girl who has brought her humble offering of wild flowers and is reverently kissing the feet of the rustic wayside crucifix. At her side is the stone water pitcher which she is carrying to the well, while in the distance we have a glimpse of a sweet and tenderly painted bit of landscape. The picture is brimful of sentiment, and it is little wonder that artistic John Ball was rather startled by it from his usual phlegmatic complacency in regard to American works of art. There are many other pictures worthy of attention in Mr. Avery's collection, but want of space forbids their being noticed this week. At some future date I hope to descant on their respective merits.

Many of the artists, despite of wind and weather, are still lingering in their country retreats, so that my visits to most of the studios has resulted in finding on the doors thereof, neat little cards with the inscription, "Out of town," a rather discouraging piece of intelligence to an art critic; but picking up "heart of strength," and exercising considerable industry, I have been rewarded by finding some few painters in their accustomed haunts, surrounded by the fruit of their summer labors.

Durand has been among the Catskills making sketches of those beautiful tree trunks for which he is so justly celebrated. Somehow or other, Durand invests his forest pictures and sketches with a certain poetry that no other artist has yet succeeded in obtaining, and while we admire the subtle delicacy of his execution, we cannot help praising the poetic sentiment that runs through all his works. Among a number of exquisite wood sketches in Mr. Durand's studio, I particularly noticed one of white birches, sturdy, moss-grown old fellows that stood out from their companions of the forest clothed in their pure white robes, while the sun with loving tenderness played upon their surfaces. The lights are excellently managed in this sketch, and the distance and ground are well rendered.

Edwin White has on his easel a large religious picture entitled, "The Trial of St. Stephen," which is a really noble work of art. The time of action is when St. Stephen, looking steadfastly up into heaven, exclaims, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the son of man standing on the right hand of God." Mr. White has treated his subject with a master's hand, and his picture inspires one with a feeling of religious awe and veneration, as gazing on it we are taught the many trials and sufferings the early Christians were forced to endure, and the nobleness of the natures that could soar above the petty miseries and cruelties that were inflicted on them, and placing their faith in One whom they knew to be good and just, could laugh to scorn the petty machinations of their enemies. Mr. White's picture is worth volumes of common-place sermons, bringing as it does the story of the martyr before our very eyes and giving in glowing and life-like colors the superiority of the true Christian above the pomp and circumstance of worldly power.

The great charm in the figure of St. Stephen, which is made the principal and most important figure in the picture, lies in its extreme simplicity; robed in pure white, his hands crossed, and an expression of serene resignation and truthfulness beaming on his face, he fully realizes the description of Holy Writ: "And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw His face as it had been the face of an angel."

The figure of the high priest is also finely rendered. Filled with the dignity of his office he towers above the crowd with almost majestic action. The figure is perhaps a little out of drawing, but not sufficiently so to make the fault noticeable. On the right of the picture we have Saul of Tarsus, the accuser of St. Stephen, a finely and strongly drawn figure, full of dramatic power, while in the foreground are groups of Jews and Gentiles, all imbued with a deep interest in the progressing trial. The picture is full of the strong lights and shades in which Mr. White is particularly happy, and "The Trial of St. Stephen," when finished, will be a lasting honor to American art.

Mr. White has also on his easel a pretty little *genre* picture, "Grandpa's Pet," which is full of sunshine and quaint simplicity, telling its story with charming excellence.

C. G. Thompson has a portrait of Gen. Sickles at Antietam, well and strongly painted.

T. Irving has under way a "View near West Point," which promises well, although the gentleman's coloring is not yet quite what it ought to be.

Waterman is in Providence, R. I., engaged on a cabinet picture of the discovery of Gulliver by the Lilliputians, which promises to be one of the best works of this thoroughly excellent artist. Gulliver occupies nearly the whole field of the picture, lying on his back, at full length, tied down with ropes innumerable, and surrounded by a thousand or so of Lilliputians. The time of action is when Gulliver has been lying for three or four hours and the crowd have become quite accustomed to the thing. In fact, Gulliver is voted a *chose passé*, and they are amusing themselves very much like any other crowd, flirting, laughing, joking, a few wondering, and all having a good time generally. The picture is painted from the Lilliputian point of view, and consequently the inhabitants are treated like life-size figures, while the unfortunate Lemuel, by the management of the perspective, is evidently about seventy feet long. Over all floats the little standard of Lilliput against a cloudless sky, while in the horizon is the blue line of ocean that cuts off this little world from the great world outside, which is just as weak, just as wicked, just as absurd, and only less compact. The picture is full of little quaintnesses and petty conceits, and is moreover excellent in color. Let us hope that Gulliver will be exhibited in New York.

Hennessy is at work on one of the best *genre* pictures that he has yet painted, the title of which is to be "Summer Evening." It represents a charming blonde sitting by the river-side and gazing out upon the half twilight distance, while above gleams the crescent, harbinger of approaching night. Mr. Hennessy has imbued the picture with all the poetic sentiment that characterizes his works and gives us a graceful picture-poem. Another beautiful conceit is Mr. Hennessy's "Mon Brave"—the widow of a soldier kissing his portrait which is hanging on the wall. The face and drapery are well managed, while the background is rich and quiet in tone.

Burling has on his easel two pictures from Lake Superior, where he has been spending the summer, "Isle Royal" and the "Aut St. Marie." Mr. Burling's coloring has improved, but is still not what it ought to be, he is capable of better things than he has yet given us; to a true appreciation of nature he adds a painstaking desire to improve and will in time take high rank among our native painters.

Homer is still out of town, as is also Eastman Johnson.

Hows is in the Adirondacks, studying the late autumn amid the primeval forests.

R. H. Moore, a new name in art, has on his easel a nicely painted group of trout, quite fish-like and eatable in appearance.

Jerome Thompson has a large picture of Mt. Mansfield which is one of the finest things that we have yet had from his easel. The feeling of distance and height is admirably conveyed, while the sky is full of the silvery, hazy atmosphere of early morning. This picture is to be exhibited shortly and I shall then notice it at further length. In addition to his picture of Mt. Mansfield, Mr. Thompson has several sketches in the Wyoming Valley, particularly noticeable in which is his exquisite handling of foregrounds; in this particular branch Mr. Thompson is almost without a rival.

Pope has an Autumnal Landscape Composition, under way, which promises well; the rich coloring of the Fall is truthfully rendered.

Macdonald is engaged on a statue to be called "La Somnambula," which gives promise of being a very successful work. The action and pose of the figure are both excellent.

Let us hope, dear reader, that for both your sake and mine the artists will have returned from their summer peregrinations by next week, as this week they make but a poor show among our "Art Matters."

PALETTE.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

La France Musicale elaborately discusses Edouard Lemoine's announcement in *L'Independence Belge* of a new opera house at Paris, to be called *Le Theatre Gretry*, especially as to its purpose and special aim in musical performance.

It also gives a *feuilleton* by "Daniel Stern" about the Worcester—England—festival, contrasting that style of festival with those popular in France.

Marseille's opera got in motion, after severe labor, chiefly from Perrin—L'Academie—loaning some of his spare artists to start its principal machinery. Its director publicly acknowledged Perrin's noble conduct, in yielding Mme. Bloch, and Messrs. Warot and Delabranche, for two months, to save his opera from inanition. He also intimates a reinforcement from "l'opera comique"—Mmes. Marimon and Monrosi, and combining these with those already in hand, a sufficiently good lyric corps must be available, to satisfy the very fastidious and savage public of Marseilles.

While Faure and Marie Battu were singing at L'Academie, recently, "Da cidarem la mano" an immense bouquet was thrown at her feet which contained some most eulogistic poetry about her performance of "Zerlina," evidently from a heart-stricken man.

Guillet, administrator of that opera has been promoted to fill that defunct Corsican's place as chief minister to Louis Napoleon's pleasures or amusements.

Capoul, Prilleux and Maria Roze, have been charged by Jules Adenis with interpretation of a one act opera written by J. Massenet, a young prize of Rome musician, and the piece is declared to be very well "mounted."

Carvalho is determined to make "Le Lyrique" novelty's chief exhibition place and is constantly on the *qui vive* for new or renovated operas, and strictly new, or else brushed up to be equal to new, vocalists. His latest engagement is with Mme. Talvo-Bedogni, who is highly celebrated in lyric comedy, to inaugurate "Deborah," a new role by Devin-Duvivier, at his opera house.

"Les Fantaisies Parisiennes" reopened with a comic opera in two acts and buffo performance in one act, written by Duprato to words by Locle and Gille. Then came "Florentia," a grand operatic scene, with chorus, in which Eleonore Peyret figured as principal. Seriatim, follow "La Petite Fardette," a comic opera in two acts—by Semet, Herold's "Les Rosieres" for M. and Mme. Geraiser's *debuts*, "L'Amour Mannequin," a comic opera in one act, by Ruelle and Gallyot, "Dans un ravin," music by Mme. Gavarni, and finally, "Le Chevalier Lubin," by Adrien Boieldieu, will be returned to its successful run, interrupted by Gourdon's *conge*.

"Les Bouffes Parisiens" seemed to flutter terribly before reopening but the latest *affiche* presented its lessee—Mme. Ugalde—in some of her favorite roles.

Francois Bazin's "Voyage in China" would appear to have realised a very great success in Brussels, La Monnaie theatre.

The grand staff of directors over the new "Athenee" saloon at Paris, appears in local journals, really immense.

The new Vaudeville saloon there, will have three entrances, on December 1st, 1867, one upon the Boulevard, another upon la rue Chaissec d'Anin, and its third opens on the new grand opera square or place.

Seven hundred and fifty seats will be found in the new theatre La Fayette, which soon opens with a new piece by Paul de Kock, beside a prologue and overture by Lemmonier and Duteuil, "Mieux vaut tard que jamais," which reflects the managers' apology for long delay in opening, with its "Better late than never."

Francois Schwab, of Strasbourg, obtained a grand ovation at Baden, with his mass for complete orchestral performance, the chief vocal parts being given by Vitali, Grossi, Nicolini, and Agnesi.

A celebrated maker of piano-fortes at Vienna has got up a lot of such instruments for Louis Napoleon's wonderful world's fair, which are declared to have astounded every musician who have heard their notes.

Borghesi-Mamo is chronicled as passing through *la belle Paris, en route* to Madrid's "L'Orient" theatre.

"La Petit Revise" tells a good story about Rossini's complicity with Prince Metternich, in producing "La Semiramide," *apropos* to which *canard* is another recently started about la diva Patti, assuming that role at "Les Italiens"!!!

"Le Tresor des Pianistes," by Farreno, and continued by his wife, has progressed so far as D'Albrechtsberger's fugues, pieces by Kuhnau—1694 and 1703—fugues and scraps, by Kirnberger—1780.

The season at Venice's "La Fenice," which commences on December 26th, is expected to be very brilliant and successful, because that city has been so long famished in operatic diet, under horrible Austrian prescriptions.

Stigelli—well known here—Pandolfini, Bendazzi and Tate, will fill the principal roles in Pacine's last opera at Naples "San Carlo."

Bordeaux's "L'Athenee Catalan" inaugurated its musical proceedings with a prize overture, well paid for, as strong attraction. The jury for that prize comprised many excellent judges.

Offenbach runs with his light operettas quite as strong in Vienna as elsewhere. His "Barbe-Bleue" took very well. The Harmony theatre opened Sept. 15th under Baron Pasqualotti's direction, with Boieldieu's "Le Petit Chaperon rouge," a work almost forgotten in Vienna.

At Wiemar the season opened with Goethe's "Le Comte d'Egmont" and Beethoven's "Fi-

delio." Many concerts were given there for war sufferers, in which Koempel, a violinist, and Mme. Schoenerstedt, an excellent pianist from Dusseldorf, especially distinguished themselves.

Berlin's "Royal Opera" ran for a considerable time, but two operas—"La Dame Blanche" and "Le Porter d'Eau," the latter a little known work by Cherubine Niemann, late of Hanover's Court opera, now engaged at Berlin's grand opera, is like Wachtel, a very robust tenor, and heavy operas are to be divided between them, so that Wachtel may do the strong vocal business and Niemann those roles which require his trionic equally with vocal ability. Mlle. Orzeni has not yet assumed her roles there, plausibly excusing herself by medical counsel, but really supposed to be averse to honoring Prussia, as she is the daughter of an officer in Austria's grand army.

Le Menestrel of the 23d ult. has an elaborate description of Louis Napoleon's magnificent opera house, now in progress toward completion some time prior to 1869, from Gustave Bertrand's felicitous pen and clear perceptions.

Verdi having resumed his functions at "L'Academie," his "Don Carlos" went ahead briskly, and four acts had been rehearsed by last official statement.

Le Menestrel denies the important authority which another musical journal at Paris ascribed to Guillet, and explains with rare subtlety his real position. That journal also praises Bedogni for her very beautiful voice and remarkably intelligent dramatic purpose.

"Le Lyrique" keeps busy with its operatic renovations, and its maestri work hard in converting spoken dialogue into melodious recitative.

Offenbach and "Des Bouffes Parisiennes" wago litigation about rights to perform his operettas, and so awaiting judicial decisions, that manager brings out works by Duprato, Flotow, Adam, and Emile Jonas.

Bagier's Italian opera season at Madrid, which commenced early this month, had this imposing list of principal singers, viz: Mmes. Adelina, Borghi-Mamo, Marcellina Lotti, Carlotta Marchisio, Rosina Penco, and Rita Sonieri, for soprani and mezzo soprani; Mmes. Marietta Biancolini and Barberina Marchisio, for contralti; Fraschini, Ludowico Graziani, and Palermi, as tenori; Santes, for tenore comprimario; De Bassini, Storti, and Varvoni, as primi baritoni; Medini, and Selva, as primi bassi; Padovani, as altro primo baritono, Scalse, as primo basso buffo, with several rated secondaries, an orchestra 95 strong, a chorus of 90 voices, six danses from *la belle Paris*, and thirty ladies for a ballet corps.

Lisbon's royal opera will have Volpini and Rey-Balla as prime donne soprani; Paganini, as prima donna contralto; Mongini and Piccioli, as primi tenori; Squarcia and Randolphi, primi baritoni; Junca and Ordenas, for primi bassi.

Vienna's opera continued to be occupied at last accounts with debuts by Prott, Nachauer, Beck, and Mme. Leuthner, and quite successful they all were, especially Beck, who was covered with applause.

Berlin's royal opera rejoiced on September 10th in "Robert le Diable," in which Mlle. Greed debuted as Alice, and Mme. Eiswold, from Breslau, as Isabella, with good estimation. Wowski found Robert, his most approved role, acceptable to Berlin.

Mme Burde-Ney, a veteran prima donna, who has been promised to America for several years, would seem to retain yet her power to charm a fastidious public, being recorded as doing that rare feat at the commemoration of Saxony's late King's death, in Mozart's "Requiem." It was the Baroness Pasqualotti who recently assumed operatic management, not le Baron. Verdi personally transferred Belval's rejected part in "Don Carlos" to David, and Perrin intends to make Belval smart for his contumacy: